

Warrior

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Summary: A man wakes up in Berserker territory with no memory of who he is. When Dagur finds out what he is capable of, he wants to use him as a weapon against the riders of Berk. But will this warrior fight to conquer? Or will he fight to protect?

1. Amnesia

A/N: Alright, so I had this idea and decided to turn it into a story. So here it is. It will be a six chapter story, with an epilogue at the end, and I'm hoping to update once every few days. Anyway, enjoy the story.

"Ugh, my head." My head felt like it was splitting in two. I sat up and opened my eyes. My vision was so blurry all I could see was green. I rubbed my eyes and when I opened them again, I realized I was in the middle of a forest.

"What the hell? Where am I?" I thought aloud. I tried to remember the last place I was, and found I couldn't remember anything. I couldn't even remember my own name. I looked around to try and get my bearings, but nothing was even a little bit familiar.

"Best way to find out where you are is to start walking." I thought to myself. I started walking along the path beaten into the grass and checked to see what I had with me. I was wearing dark clothes. I was wearing a black hooded jacket. I had a sword and scabbard hanging from my shoulder. I had a pouch of throwing knives strapped around my right leg. I found two daggers on my belt. I had numerous smaller knives in various pockets in my clothing as well as a number of tools. I took the sword and scabbard off my shoulder so I could get a good look at it. The rectangular scabbard was a jet black with a golden circle in the middle, with the outer part of the circle inlaid with sapphires, and a ruby in the shape of a star in the middle of the circle. There was another circle like this on the other side, and another on the bottom of the sword. The sword was a beautiful piece,

with a black blade that was almost as long as my arm, and a red fabric grip, with a gold guard with designs on it. I slung the scabbard back over my shoulder, but kept the sword out in my hand. I knew I might need it.

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><p>The sun was beginning to set as I picked my way through the forest. I had seen a few signs of life throughout the day, but nothing significant. As the sun fell below the horizon, I found a clearing. It was full of strange animals I had never seen before. One of them noticed me and let out a massive roar. The others all turned towards me. I lifted the hood over my head and raised my sword, knowing I'd have to fight at least one of these massive lizard like beasts. The one who saw me first raised its tail and spikes extended all down the tail. It approached me first, the other beasts merely watching.<p>

The beast flung it's tail around towards me, shooting several of the spikes at me. I rolled away, all of the spikes striking a tree. The large blue beast roared in anger and opened its mouth. A blast of fire shot out towards me, which I dodged and then ran towards the dragon, dodging fire and tail spikes. I got within feet of the beast before raising my sword. I thrust my blade into the beasts side and twisted, and it dropped to the ground, roaring in pain. I pulled my blade out and jumped up onto its head and shoved my blade down into its skull. The beast fell limp, and I climbed down. I had a sudden urge to pray for the beast, but didn't know, or remember any prayers. Nevertheless, I sat down and closed my eyes, letting my mind do everything. Soon, words came out, and I said a whole prayer for the beast. After a moment, I stood up and looked towards the other beasts, all of whom continued to watch me. I sheathed my sword and walked towards them. They all moved out of my way and let me keep walking through the forest.

The experience with the beast helped me remember another thing. I was a really good fighter. The sun finished falling, and the moon rose high in the sky. I found a tall tree and decided to climb it to see what I could see. At the top, I looked around and saw a number of lights shining in the darkness to the south. I jumped down and began heading in that direction.

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><p>I walked for several hours before I heard it. Screams, and yelling. Coming from the direction I was headed. I unsheathed my sword and began to sprint. I came out of the trees above a village, with more of the beasts I had seen earlier flying around and shooting fire at everything. I ran down towards where the fighting was heaviest and tackled one of the beasts, a large green one with two heads. I cut off one of the heads and jumped onto the other, but was thrown towards the back of the beast. I buried my sword in the rear part of the beast, cutting a massive hole. The beast fell in pain, and I used the opportunity to cut off the other head. I quickly said a prayer for the beast before looking around for another. I heard a high-pitched screech and I looked up just in time to see one of the towers further into the village explode. I was thrown to the ground by a small blast from behind me. I got back up and turned around to see one of the fatter beasts land behind me. I jumped towards it, landing on its head, and tried to stab my sword into it, but it

barely cut into the beast. The beast still roared in pain before throwing me off and flying away. I heard another scream, and looked down and saw a young boy being chased by one of the larger beasts. I ran around and jumped down between the boy and the beast. The creature eyed me with interest when I didn't immediately attack it. We circled, both waiting for the other to attack. I saw the boy watching, and a small crowd began to gather, cheering me on. I rushed towards the beast, dodging blasts of fire and was about jump on it when something new happened.<p>

It lit itself on fire. That was gonna be a problem. I veered off and threw the sword towards its stomach. It ended up slicing through the beasts tail, cutting it clean off. Well, there was nothing clean about it. Blood pooled behind the creature as it roared in pain. The flames on its body went out, and I pulled the daggers out of my belt and ran towards it. I jumped onto its head and jammed the daggers down into its skull and held on for dear life as it flailed around in pain. After a minute, it finally collapsed onto the ground, dead.

The crowd that had gathered around cheered as I climbed down off the beast. I said another prayer for this beast, and then picked up and sheathed my sword. One of the larger men, presumably their leader, approached me with a hearty smile on his face.

"That was some of the best dragon-killin I've ever seen! Taking on a Monstrous Nightmare alone with nothing but a sword and a pair of daggers! That's bravery if I've ever seen it! What's your name?" He asked.

"I don't remember." I said honestly.

"Alright, where are you from?"

"I don't know. The last thing I remember is waking up in that forest back there about a day ago. I've been wandering ever since. I don't know my name or where I'm from or even how old I am. I heard people screaming here and came to help. I killed one of those dragons in the forest earlier, and since I knew I could do it, I jumped right in. I don't know hardly anything about them, except that they're dangerous."

"I think you should meet our chief. He'll teach you more about the dragons, and I'm sure he'll have a use for someone with your skills." The man turned back towards the crowd. "Hoark! Take this man to see the chief!" One of the men stepped out of the crowd towards me.

"Come on." I followed him down to the docks where we got into a small boat. Hoark took us through a series of islands, and as the sun came up, I realized this was a whole group of islands with massive cities and villages spread throughout.

"Welcome to the Bloodlust Islands. These islands are home to one tribe made up of tens of thousands of people. Most of us are peaceful folk, blacksmiths, farmers. But we all know how to fight because of these constant dragon attacks." Hoark said, pulling the boat up next to a port. He led the way up a massive hill to an extravagant castle. Hoark led the way inside, and up to a massive set of doors. "Wait here." He said before walking inside. After a moment both doors were

pushed wide open, revealing a massive dining hall with a throne at the other end. Sitting in the throne was a very young man, 22 at most, eating a chicken. And not a cooked chicken, an actual raw chicken, feathers and everything. When he saw me he stood up and waved me forward.

"Welcome, newcomer! I heard what you did this morning. I also understand you don't know your name. For now, you are the Warrior. And I, Dagur the Deranged, would like to be the first to say it."

This boy, barely a man, was well and truly deranged.

"Welcome to the Berzerker Tribe."

2. Training

"Remember, six shot limit!" The trainer yelled. Four shots down, two left. I was desperately trying to find a weakness in the Gronckle's armor, but it seemed impenetrable. I managed to thrust my sword into the spot where its head and stomach met, and was surprised when it went straight through. I pulled my blade free and jumped onto the dragon's back before cleaving its head straight off with one swipe. I jumped off the headless dragon and sheathed my sword.

"That was amazing! Very impressive indeed!" Dagur yelled from above me. "Without knowing anything about it, you kept looking and fighting until you found a weakness, then you exploited it to its full potential! I've never seen a warrior with your degree of skill!" Dagur praised, clearly excited at the prospect of having me under his command. And as much as I hated to admit it, right now I didn't have a choice. I was Dagur's henchman until I was away from the islands. "Now for a Whispering Death. Let's see how you do against a target you can't see coming." Just as Dagur finished, I began to feel a tremor in the ground. It got stronger and stronger until a blue and red spiked ball of death exploded out of the ground in front of me.

"Fuck, how many different kinds of these things are there?" I muttered to myself as the dragon flew towards me.

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><p>After my first day, the training got harder. I began fighting one dragon at a time, but then it went to pairs at a time, then groups. I excelled against all of them. Dagur couldn't contain his excitement. He kept talking about secret plans, and calling me a secret weapon. Now Dagur's fleet was preparing for a massive assault. I could see dozens of ships loading on weapons and supplies throughout the islands, and the people all had determined looks on their faces. I was actually a little worried about what Dagur had planned for me. On the final day of my training, I walked into the arena to find the stands full of people<p>

"Alright Warrior, today is your final test. You are going to engage in a battle that would have almost all Vikings soiling themselves. This will test whether you are truly worthy of your title, and whether you will earn the right to lead the Berserker fleet into a battle for the ages. You will now be fighting five dragons all at

once, consisting of a Monstrous Nightmare, a Deadly Nadder, a Gronckle, a Changewing, and a Timberjack. And you know what? I'm gonna throw in a pack of Terrible Terrors too. Get ready for battle, Warrior. I look forward to the results."

I was stunned speechless, otherwise I'd have told Dagur to go fuck himself. But before I could say anything, the dragons were all released at once, and flew randomly around the massive arena until one by one they spotted me. The Terrors flew in first, firing quick blasts of fire. I rolled away and threw two of my throwing knives, taking down two of them. The rest of the dragons started firing on me then.

I spent the next few minutes just dodging blasts of fire from the various dragons in the arena. Every time I thought I had an opening, one of the other dragons would cut me off and I'd be back to running and dodging. After a few lucky swings, the Terrible Terror pack was all dead. The Nadder began shooting its venomous tail spikes at me, but thankfully missed. One hit from one of those spikes would poison me just enough that the dragons could overwhelm me.

I managed to lure the Gronckle just close enough to me to grab it, then I swung myself up and over it, cleaving straight through the dragons neck as I went over. I was making progress, but I still had four dragons left, and I was getting tired. I just remembered that there was a Changewing somewhere in here, and I was worried because it hadn't yet fired a shot. And I had no idea where it was. My question was answered when an acid spray shot out from behind me. I whirled around in time to see it jump up against the wall and camouflage itself. I saw a gray line float up above the wall, and threw my sword at where I thought its head would be. A few moments later the Changewing returned to its original red color as it fell in two pieces against the ground.

The Timberjack began attacking, firing from the top of the cage, while the Nadder and Nightmare tried to flank me from both sides. The dragons were getting smarter, and I was just getting tired. I didn't have time to get my sword, so I pulled out my daggers and rushed towards the Monstrous Nightmare, dodging fire and spikes alike. The Nightmare immediately lit itself up and ran at me. I got closer and closer, until I was right in front of it and swerved to the left just as the Nadder threw another barrage of spikes at me. The spikes flew right past me and dug into the side of the Monstrous Nightmare. The Nightmare's body went out, and it fell over. I jumped on top of it and slammed my daggers down into its skull. I jumped off, and the Nadder started coming towards me. I ran straight at it, picking up my sword on the way. I jumped above the Nadder's fire and was about to land on its head when I saw its tail whip towards me. I dug my daggers down into it, but not before one of its tail spikes drove into my arm. I roared in pain as I ripped the spike out, then I killed the Nadder. I turned around just in time to duck under one massive razor sharp wing. I stuck a dagger up into the wing as it went over, then held on as I was lifted up with the wing. I could feel the Nadder venom seeping into my brain, slowing me down. It didn't help that I was tired. I lost my grip on the dagger and fell to the dirt. The Timberjack dove down on top of me. I took my last throwing knife out of my pocket and threw it at the dragons head, hitting it in the eye. It roared and flailed around in pain, and I took my chance to run towards it and use what was left of my strength to raise my sword and cut off its tail. It slammed back into the

ground, frantically flapping its wings trying to get away. It fired its last shot at me just before I cut off its head. I turned back towards Dagur in the stands, who had been watching excitedly.

"You have just won a battle that I don't think any other Viking has ever won. You have earned the right to lead the Berserker fleet into battle. And I have your first mission-

"No! You will not take my command from me!" Yelled one man, jumping down into the arena.

"Duel to the death, winner leads the fleet! Start!" Dagur yelled excitedly. The Berserker rushed towards me, yelling out in rage. I waited until he got near me, tripped him as he swung his axe and watched it cut into his stomach when he hit the ground. I slammed my sword through his neck, then pulled it out, cleaned it off with his clothes and sheathed it as I walked out of the arena.

* * *

><p>"Have you ever heard of an island called Berk?" Dagur asked me as we walked back to his castle.<p>

"No I haven't. Why?" I answered.

"The people who live there call themselves dragon riders. They live with the dragons as though there's nothing wrong with it. They've attacked Berserkers on numerous occasions, and are a threat to everything we stand for. They must be dealt with." I knew Dagur would kill me for saying it, but riding a dragon sounds pretty fucking cool. And I was almost certain Dagur was leaving out the part where he attacked them first. And I knew he attacked first.

"How many?"

"Their best riders are 6 teenagers. Do not underestimate them. Their leader and his Night Fury took down a Sea Dragon by themselves."

"One day I'm going to have to ask him about that story. I assume you want him alive?"

"I'd like you to try, but it's not a priority. I do, however, want the Night Fury alive. I want to use it as the new symbol of the Berserkers. The other riders and dragons you can dispose of as you wish."

"What if I just got you the dragon?"

"No. Everyone on that island must die, no exceptions. Meet me in the castle war room tomorrow morning and we'll plan an invasion of Berk. With you on our side, we can't lose!" Dagur said excitedly, turning back towards his castle. I continued on towards my new home. Dagur had given me a cabin of my own after my first day of training. It was hard to believe it had only been a week since I had woken up on the eastern island.

My cabin was simple with a fireplace, a bed, and a desk. It was already dark outside, my fire was still lit, and I was extremely tired after my battle with the dragons today. I tossed a new log into

the fire and laid down in my bed, preparing for whatever would come tomorrow.

3. Midnight Strike

A/N: I am so sorry about not updating. I had to go to a funeral last weekend, where I was a pallbearer, which made the death hit home a little harder, and other than that I've been swamped by work and school. But good news, school ends in two weeks for me and I want to have the whole story out by then, so you won't have to wait too long for more chapters.

"Bring in the map of Berk." Dagur ordered a man in the corner. He laid the map down on the table and spread it out, revealing a small island. "Alright, Warrior, do you have a plan ready for us?" I looked around the map for a few minutes and a plan began to form.

"I will leave before the fleet and land on the island alone at night here, on the southern beach. You will give me two days so I have time to disable as many dragons as I can. Two days after I land, I want the fleet to approach from the west. You need to first capture the two docks, then the village itself. Then you will have your island."

"You have one day after you land. And the fleet will be close. I don't want to lose you, Warrior. You're far too valuable." Dagur said. I nodded, agreeing. Little did he know my day on Berk would not be spent killing dragons.

"How long will it take for me to get to Berk by boat?"

"By yourself? About a day and a half." One of the men in the room spoke up.

"Alright, I'll leave this morning and get there in two days. One day after that, the fleet moves in. Everyone understand?" Everyone in the room nodded. I nodded back before leaving the room. I turned to one of the soldiers on my way out.

"Load a days worth of food into my boat, along with a crossbow and a few bolts." He nodded and saluted before running towards the docks. I went to my cabin to grab my sword, then went to the docks and climbed into the small, unmarked boat. One of the captains came up to the boat as I was about to leave.

"Berk is east-southeast from here. When you see the island you'll need to start using the sea stacks for cover to get to the southern beach. Stay in the shadows until you get to the village." I nodded and thanked him before pulling away from the docks. An hour later I was in the open sea, heading towards Berk.

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><p>After a few hours of sailing, I laid the oars down and picked up a chunk of meat. I took a bite and looked up at the sky. A few clouds, but not enough to mean a storm. I looked down into the calm water and thought I saw something red. I jumped out of the way just in time as a shot of scalding water flew over the boat. The Scauldron streaked out of the water, roaring as it flew over the boat dove back

into the water. I grabbed the crossbow and loaded it, looking around for the Scauldron. It flew over again, spraying scalding water at me. I leaned away from the shot, firing a crossbow bolt at it. It hit the dragon in the leg. I loaded up another bolt and shot the dragon as it flew out of the water again, the bolt striking its chest this time. The dragon began to fall, hitting my boat on its way down. I lost hold of the crossbow and it hit the water and sunk down into the ocean.<p>

"Damn." I said, watching it sink. That was my only ranged weapon left. My throwing knives had all been broken or melted during training. All I had left was my sword and daggers.

I picked up the oar and continued towards Berk until sunset, when I laid down and went to sleep.

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><p>I woke up the next morning and continued on towards Berk. The sun was already high in the sky, and I was almost there. I kept sailing, and just as the sun began to set, I could see Berk in the distance. I sailed around to where I could get to the southern beach without being in view of the village. By the time I got around, the sun had long since set, and the moon was high in the sky. I quickly sailed in and landed on the beach, running into the forest. I ran through the forest towards the village. I saw a clearing ahead and ran towards it. I came out of the forest above the village, near the dragon arena. I snuck past the sentries and into the arena. Looking around, I saw a few dragons sleeping around the arena. I stood in the middle when suddenly the gate closed behind me, and I heard alarms echo through the village. The dragons all woke up and began to growl at me. I turned back towards the gate in time to see it open and a pair of large Vikings run at me with axes. I grabbed one's wrist and slid around him, yanking his arm up behind his back. The axe fell to the ground and the man screamed in pain. I let him go before he broke his own arm, and dodged a swing from the other Viking. I grabbed his arms as he prepared for another swing and used both my feet to kick him into the wall.<p>

"Get away from my dragon!" I whirled around just in time to duck under a sword being swung at me. I unsheathed mine and blocked the next swing, and ended up in a vicious sword fight with a teenage girl who was actually very skilled. I was put on the defensive, and she didn't show any sign of letting up. For several minutes she attacked, never letting up. Finally she left her flank open, letting me slide over and disarm her. Her sword flew several feet away before burying itself in the dirt. I knocked her to the ground and held the tip of my sword inches from her throat.

"No!" I turned and saw a teenage boy who looked like a human toothpick holding a shield running towards me. Behind him was a dragon that was black as night with piercing green eyes. I looked back down at the girl for a moment before sheathing my sword. The boy stopped running and more villagers ran into the arena behind him.

"I am not here to kill you." I said, reaching a hand down to help the girl up. She cautiously reached up and grasped my hand. As I lifted her up I saw a flash of silver and dodged as she tried to sink her dagger into my chest. She came at me again, but I grabbed her arm and twisted it until she dropped the dagger, and I kicked it away before

letting her go.

"You are a skilled fighter. A few more years and you will be as good as I am." I said before walking towards the boy. "So you are the famed leader of the Berk dragon riders?" He nodded and I looked him over.

"What?" He asked, clearly confused.

"Somehow I thought you'd be bigger. Eh, it'll have to do."

"Do what?"

"I am a gift from Dagur the Deranged. He sent me here to kill you."

4. Friends and Allies

****A/N:** To make up for the long wait for last chapter I'm going to go ahead and post this chapter. I'm actually in school right now in my engineering class. Seriously, I'm supposed to be taking a test right now. Oh, shit the teacher just called time. Gotta go!**

"And yet I'm still here."

"Exactly. Dagur sent me here to do something, but I in no way intend to do it. Dagur is insane and must be dealt with before he does something... irreversible."

"So why did you think we would help?"

"Because Dagur's just going to keep coming after you unless you help me. Either way, the Berserker fleet is already headed here, so you don't really have a choice."

"But Dagur knows we'll just wipe his fleet out. Why would he attack now?" The girl said.

"Because he thinks I'm killing all of you and your dragons as we speak. He thinks he'll be able to walk into the center of the village and claim it as his without any fight at all. Now, surprise or not, we have a day to plan the defense of your island. I suggest we get started." The teens reluctantly led me to the great hall where I met their chief, Stoick the Vast.

"They'll be coming from the west, and they'll try to take the docks first. If that fails they'll probably go for the southern beach. Dagur will probably do something crazy to cover his escape, like setting the forest on fire. We have to be ready for that."

"How do you know all this?" The chief asked.

"Dagur put me in charge of the fleet. That's the plan that I set up. Now, once they find out I'm fighting for you, anything could happen."

"For us? We need to wipe them out before they land, and you don't have a dragon. You'll have to wait on the island."

"I know that, but with the amount of ships and your dragons shot limits, some of them will land. And we need to be ready for that."

"Alright. We'll set up barricades in the lower docks, and have archers watch it from above. We'll have catapults set along the coastline, and some of our people watching the upper docks. Where do you plan to be?"

"For now, watching the docks, but I plan to change that. I'm going to go for a walk while you all set up. Trust me, it'll be worth it." I said, walking out into the sunlight.

"Hey, wait!" I turned and saw Hiccup running after me.

"What do you need, Hiccup?" I said, not stopping.

"Well, you never told any of us who you are."

"That's because I don't know. I woke up a week ago on one of the Berserker Islands, and ended up killing several dragons during a raid. Afterwards, Dagur made me kill dozens of them to see how skilled I was. Seeing this island and how you treat your dragons, I regret letting myself be forced to kill them."

"Well it's not like you knew. You can't blame yourself for it. You can only try to make it right."

"Let me ask you something. From what I've heard, you went against everything your tribe stood for to help this dragon, then used it to save the lives of everyone who tried to throw you out. And while I would love to hear that whole story, I'm more interested in specifically how you trained the dragon."

"It's kind of a personal story, but alright. I shot Toothless down during a dragon attack. When I went to search for him in the woods, I found him trapped, alone, and scared. I looked at him, and saw myself. When I cut him loose, instead of killing me he just roared at me and tried to fly away, trapping himself in a cove. Over time I kept going back, and I earned his trust. I made him a new tailwing and gave him his flight back. That is how I trained Toothless."

"Wow. I was actually expecting more of a master to a pet kind of relationship, but you guys are actual friends. I'm pleasantly surprised. Thank you, Hiccup. Now go help your friends. The Berserkers are coming in force, so all of you need to get ready for the fight of your lives." He nodded and ran off. I turned and continued into the forest, with a new mindset.

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><p>I'd been walking for about an hour and hadn't seen any dragons. I was beginning to get a little annoyed. I was about to yell out in frustration when I walked into a clearing. In the clearing was a massive orange dragon, and it let out a roar when it saw me. I unsheathed my sword and shoved it into the ground. I walked up to the dragon and looked straight into its eyes. It lowered its head to my height and got very close. Neither of us blinked and after what seemed like hours, the dragon pulled back and made a laughing noise,

then came back down next to me. I placed a hand on its head, and it made a purring noise. I couldn't help but smile.<p>

"I suppose I'll have to give you a name." The dragon looked at me expectantly. I looked him over, and it dawned on me that I didn't even know what kind of dragon he was. "What about Fury?" The dragon roared in approval. "Alright, then. How about we go for a ride, Fury?" I grabbed my sword and sheathed it before I took some rope out of my pocket and climbed up onto his back.

"Let's go." I said. Fury spun up into the air, shooting sparks and flames in all directions. When he finally balanced out, I could barely hold on I was so dizzy. Once he got over the treetops he took off through the air, letting me guide him towards the village. When we rounded the mountain he let out a massive roar, and I saw several dragons fly out of Berk to intercept us. Hiccup pulled up alongside us and gawked. We landed in the center of the village and when I climbed down I turned to the other riders.

"I told you my walk would be worth it."

5. Invasion

****A/N:** Its finally here. The moment you've all been waiting for. THE INVASION. But will we lose someone we all know and love? Unfortunately, this is only part of the invasion. The rest will come in the next chapter. Now I've talked enough, read on, readers!

"Here they come." Astrid spoke from next to me. I stood in front of the whole of the Berk Dragon Academy. 5 dragons and 6 riders.

"Alright, everyone you all know the plan. This is our only chance to defend Berk! Let's go!" Hiccup called and we all flew out. Hiccup and Toothless surged ahead and disappeared into the cloudy sky. As we got closer I realized that this was less than half of the Berserker fleet.

"Astrid, Snotlout! Go back to Berk and watch out for the rest of the fleet!" She nodded and they both turned back towards Berk. There was still about two dozen ships here for us to deal with.

"Fishlegs, you head back and tell them the rest of the fleet is coming from another direction, and we'll be back as soon as we can!" Fishlegs whimpered out an ok and turned around, heading straight back. I was about to have Fury head down to hit the lead ship when a ball of purple fire streaked down out of the clouds and slammed into the ship, exploding on impact. The ship was blown apart, and there were no survivors. Fury dove straight down, spinning around to create a vortex of fire that engulfed the next ship. I turned and watched as the twins and their Zippleback flew straight through the fleet, covering almost a dozen ships in gas. They flew up high before igniting the gas, and then proceeded to watch the massive explosion in the middle of the fleet. 6 ships were destroyed in the blast, and several more were starting to burn. Another ball of fire from Toothless caked down, destroying two ships that had been sailing a little too close together. The group was more than halfway destroyed, and no one had suffered any injuries yet. I was beginning to think

that we could actually win.

Then Fishlegs came.

"Hey!" I turned and saw Fishlegs fly in.

"Fishlegs, what are you doing here?! Get back!"

"You were right! The rest of their fleet is coming fast towards Berk from the southwest! We need more help!" Fishlegs screamed as his Gronckle shot a ball of fire at one of the ships, destroying it.

"Dammit! Alright, the twins and I will finish up here, I'm going to send Hiccup back with you! Now go and help them!" As Fishlegs headed back to Berk, Fury climbed up into the clouds, where I signaled Hiccup to get back to Berk. He zoomed past us and Fury and I spun back down, destroying another ship. As we pulled up, Fury roared in pain, and looked over and saw several arrows sticking out of his wing.

"Come on, Fury, just a few more ships, and we'll head back." He roared in anger and destroyed another ship with just a regular blast of fire. Only a few ships remained, and they were all turning around. The twins dove in and covered them all in gas before turning around and flying through the gas as they ignited it. Morons. They were brave, but still morons. The rest of the ships caught fire and began to sink into the sea.

I told the twins to tell Hiccup I was out of the fight, and to go ahead of me to engage the fleet, while Fury and I took it slow to get back to Berk. I had just found this dragon yesterday and already he was like my best friend. Granted, I couldn't remember if I had any friends, but still. When we finally landed on Berk, Gobber took ahold of Fury to take care of his wounds, while I went to find Stoick.

"Hey, Warrior, why aren't you out fighting?" I heard him yell from behind me.

"Because Fury has a bunch of arrows in his wing! Now is everything ready? We need to hold off the landing force as long as possible."

"Yes, we're all ready here. I'm going to take a few of the other riders and go help Hiccup!" Stoick yelled back as he jumped onto his blue Thunderdrum. He took off towards the fast approaching fleet, several other riders in tow. I ran towards the edge of the island to wait for the fleet. There were dozens and dozens of ships, and after about ten more minutes, some of the riders began to fly back.

"There's just so many ships. We sunk dozens of them, but there are so many. We don't have the firepower." Astrid said as she landed.

"How many ships are left?" I asked, running towards her.

"So many. We sunk dozens of ships, but they just kept coming."

"Alright, get on the defensive line. I'm gonna send Hiccup and Fishlegs to hide the dragons. If Dagur gets his hands on them, it won't be pretty."

"Permission to go with Hiccup." Astrid asked immediately.

"No. He'll have a small army of dragons with him, and I need you here to help fight off the Berserkers. I know he's your boyfriend, but you're damn good with a sword and we need you here." I said, walking towards Hiccup. "Hiccup, you and Fishlegs round up the dragons and get them out of here. Hide them on the other side of the island so Dagur doesn't find them."

"But -"

"Go, Hiccup." I said forcefully. He nodded reluctantly before running off to get Fishlegs and start gathering the dragons. I turned back towards the fleet and saw Stoick was the last of the riders to come back.

"What's the status on our defenses?" He said hopping off of Thornado.

"Set up and ready. The catapults are all set to cover the upper docks, and the archers are ready to cover the lower docks. I sent Hiccup and Fishlegs to hide the dragons so they don't get caught in the fighting."

"Good. This is our fight. I need you to help cover the lower docks. I'm placing you in command of the southern defensive line. I'll be up at the northern defenses. This is our island, and I'm entrusting its protection to you, Warrior." I nodded before turning to the lower docks. I walked down the ramp and faced the whole line.

"I know that not many of you know me, and even fewer of you trust me. But I know that everyone here has a burning hatred for Dagur the Deranged. He has invaded your island, and plans to exterminate all of you, along with your dragons. Are you just going to lay down and let that happen?"

"No!" A few yelled out.

"Or are you going to fight to the death for your island, killing every single Berserker who steps foot on your soil?"

"Hell Yes!" A few more yelled out.

"After today, Vikings across the seas will tell stories of the great warriors of Berk who fought off the entire Berserker fleet! This battle will be remembered for generations to come!" I raised my sword high and everyone in the defensive line roared and cheered. Then something slammed against my back, almost knocking me over. I took off the scabbard and saw an arrow sticking out of it. I raised the scabbard and threw it into the water. The whole line saw what this meant and roared. I turned around and saw the Berserkers were boarding the docks. I jumped down the ramps to the docks, kicking several Berserkers into the water when I landed. The archers joined the fight, as arrows began raining down into the Berserker ranks. I fought hard, killing many, and sending the rest into the water where their armor would sink them to the bottom and the water would do my

work for me. I took down soldier after soldier, but they just kept coming. Slowly, they pushed me back up the ramps. I tried to hold my ground against them, but there were just too many.

When I reached the top, the rest of the defensive line rushed in from behind me. We all fought the Berserkers, trying to push them back.

Then I heard Dagur from somewhere in their ranks.

"Keep pushing! We're taking Berk today, no matter what the cost!" Then he appeared, wielding that battleaxe of his. I rushed at him, kicking him over the defensive line. I ran out towards him, sneaking a glance towards the boats. The Berserkers had stacked the rest of their fleet up against the docks and soldiers were jumping from ship to ship towards the island. I looked back and saw Astrid in the fight. She was killing Berserkers almost as quickly as I had been. Then I turned back towards Dagur.

"You traitor! I'll kill you for your betrayal!" He roared, running towards me. He swung towards my head, which I easily blocked. He kept up the attack though, never giving me a chance to counter. He kept pressing, and was slowly starting to wear me down. His swung hard down towards my head. I slid over and tried to block, but my sword slipped down the blade of his axe as it dug into my shoulder. I roared in pain, and he yanked his axe free and I fell to my knees. I glanced over towards the docks and watched as the Berserkers began to break through both defensive lines. I looked back up in time to see Dagur's foot connect to the side of my head. I flew over and hit the ground hard.

And everything came rushing back.

Who I was, where I was from... the woman I loved. I looked back up at Dagur, anger and pride evident on my face as I smiled up at him. Then a massive roar echoed across the island and a small army of dragons flew around the mountain. I saw an opportunity and took it. I picked up my sword and stood up.

"I am Forad the Indomitable. And I will not be defeated!" I roared, rushing towards Dagur.

6. Tainted Victory

He turned and blocked my attacks, but I kept up the pressure, and eventually I broke through and slid my sword through his chest. I looked into his eyes as I pulled my sword free. They were full of fear and anger.

"You lost, Dagur." He dropped to the ground and I turned and walked away.

It was quite a sight to watch the dragons execute a coordinated attack against the Berserker fleet. A squadron of Nadders came down and fired hundreds of tail spikes down at the retreating Berserkers, while a group of Gronckles shot and destroyed a number of the Berserker ships. Zipplebacks flew through the fleeing Berserkers ranks, gassing them all. Monstrous Nightmares wreaked havoc aboard the ships, lighting themselves on fire before tearing down masts and

sails. I even saw a few packs of Terrible Terrors attacking some of the slower Berserkers.

"Warrior!" I whirled around and saw Dagur on the edge of a cliff overlooking the docks. "I'll be back for you, Warrior!" He yelled before pulling himself over the edge. I ran over and watched him get pulled out of the water and onto the boats. The bastard was gonna survive. I cursed and turned back towards the village.

I looked to see how many people we had lost in the invasion, and was shocked to see the casualties from Berk on the ground. Then I caught sight of blonde hair blowing near the ground. I ran over and was horrified by what I found.

Astrid, bleeding from a stab wound just above her stomach. There was streaks of blood across her face, and it looked like her arm was broken. I ripped off part of my sleeve and pressed it against the stab wound, trying to slow the bleeding. I saw Stoick walking slowly towards me. His face darkened immediately when he saw Astrid.

"Stoick! Get a healer!" He ran towards the healers hut. I reached under her body to see if the wound went all the way through. Finding nothing, I kept the wound covered until the healer arrived, praying that she would make it. I looked up at her face and saw her eyes were open, and she was whispering something. I leaned up closer and listened.

"Tell Hiccup I'm sorry, and I love him." She managed to say.

"I'm not your fucking messenger boy. You're going to survive and tell him yourself. You are not dying today, do you understand me?" I yelled at her. Her eyes slowly began to close. "Astrid! Goddammit no! Don't you fucking die on me!"

* * *

><p>HTTYD<p>

* * *

><p>I walked into the room quietly. I didn't want to interrupt the other occupants. Several were laying on beds, unconscious. The last was sitting next to the beds. The longer I watched, the more guilt I felt. Many of Berk's injured had been wounded following my orders. We had fought off the invasion, but so many had been injured during the landing. It had been about two days since the invasion. I reached over and felt the bandages covering my left shoulder. It had hurt for a while, but now it was just numb.<p>

"How are they doing?" I finally said.

"The healers say they'll be alright with a bit of rest. I'm just thankful that their injuries weren't more severe. Like Astrid's. I feel sorry for Hiccup over there. He hasn't moved since she came in."

"And it's my fault she was hurt. I ordered her to stay to help hold the line. I should have let her go with Hiccup." I said.

"Yakshit. We all heard how many of the Berserker she took down. Without her on the line, we might have lost the fight. You did the right thing as a leader. These things just happen, and you can't blame yourself for it."

"I know that. But it doesn't make it any easier. And she's just a child."

"If you're going to blame anyone, blame Dagur. If he hadn't tried to take our island, none of this would have happened. But he did, and we fought him off. Everyone gave it their all. So did Astrid. She'd be proud of it if she was awake. She's a stubborn lass, Forad. She'll pull through."

"I hope you're right, Stoick. I don't think I'd ever be able to forgive myself if she didn't make it." I left Stoick and turned to go check on Hiccup and Astrid. Astrid was still unconscious on the bed, and Hiccup was still sitting in a chair next to her.

"How is she?" I asked, breaking the silence.

"The healers don't think she's going to make it. They say if she doesn't wake up soon, then she'll never wake up at all." Hiccup said quietly.

"I'm sorry, Hiccup. This is my fault. If I had let her go with you, she would still be fine." I said. A dark silence fell over the room. After what felt like years, a Hiccup finally spoke.

"As much as I want to hate you and blame for this, and as much as I need someone to take this anger and pain out on... This was not your fault." I was shocked. How could he not blame me for this? How could he not take out his rage on me?

How was this not my fault?

"You weren't trying to get her hurt." Hiccup continued. "You did what you thought was necessary as a leader. I can't hate you for that. You may have given the order, but if Dagur hadn't tried to invade, the order would have never been given. Dagur is to blame for all of this. And if Astrid dies, I will hunt Dagur down and make him pay even if it costs me my own life." I was shocked. And now I knew I had made the right choice by protecting this island. Hiccup was going to be a great chief one day. I nodded at him and walked out of the hut, where Fury was waiting for me. I climbed up on him and he spun up into the air. It was still hard to not get dizzy every time I rode him, but it was getting easier. We flew up through the air towards the top of the mountain. I jumped off of Fury and stood at its peak. I looked down on the village below, and knew while this wasn't the best outcome of the invasion, we were still alive, and I was thankful for that.

This was Berk. Home to a proud and strong tribe of Vikings.

And home to the world's first and finest dragon riders.

7. Epilogue

**A/N: I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but this is the end of the story. A short little epilogue to wrap it up. It was a fun story to

write, but as they say, all good things must come to an end. However, I have considered doing a sequel, if you all want me to. Let me know in a review if you want a sequel. Alright, the final chapter.**

I took a deep breath of the cold night air. I had become much more used to flying on the back of a Typhoomerang lately, and now was on my journey home. I knew me coming home riding a dragon would cause quite a stir, but it was time for my village to embrace the dragons as allies like the people of Berk.

Fury flew up above the clouds and I looked up at the beautiful night sky. The stars were out, and it was a quiet night. It was so peaceful.

A jet black shadow flew up beside me. Hiccup had been much quieter since the invasion, but he was beginning to open up again. Toothless was happier than ever to have his rider back. They had been flying a lot more as Hiccup tried to come to terms with what happened to Astrid. But he was getting better, and that was a start. He was accompanying back to my own home to help me change the ways of my village. Hiccup had also been kind enough to retrieve the old scabbard for my sword, and had made me a beautiful new sheath.

I heard a squawk to my right and looked at the familiar blue Nadder flying up from the clouds. Stormfly had been extremely saddened by what happened to Astrid, and was only now beginning to recover. The figure on Stormfly's back, however, was prouder and more confident than ever.

Astrid sat proudly on her dragon, strong and confident as always. The bandages wrapped around her torso were the only reminder that she had nearly died just a couple weeks ago. She had woken up about four days after the invasion, and from there had recovered so rapidly the healers had had to force her to slow down so she could heal properly.

My shoulder was still wrapped in bandages as well. I still couldn't use my arm very much, but the wound was beginning to heal. It was a good thing I was right-handed, otherwise I probably wouldn't have been able to ride Fury.

The three of us flew through the night sky over the dark water below. The lights from a small village appeared on the horizon, and I smiled. We flew towards the village from high in the sky, and someone saw us early on, because the fire towers began rising above the village. Hiccup and Astrid flew straight over the village, but Fury and I began to descend into the village. I jumped off and landed in the center.

"Hold your fire!" I yelled out and immediately every Viking in the village looked at me. I let out a loud whistle and Fury landed hard behind me, shaking the ground. Hiccup and Astrid landed on either side of Fury.

"Forad?" I heard a quiet voice from in the crowd. A young woman stepped out and looked hard at me. I took off the cloth I had covering my face, and she stepped back as if she didn't believe it what she was seeing. Then she smiled and ran towards me, tears of joy running down her face. She jumped into my arms and I embraced her. My wife was here.

I was home.

End
file.